

Senator

Jesus H. Christ! How many more of these meetings did you schedule? We're practically down to dogcatchers. All these petty officials on the take! Always a mistake to leave DC. Big Time...there.

So, instead of extorting fancy travel, like my colleagues, I'm mending fences.

Why they gotta sesaw onto the Lear, pockets so stuffed! Let me tell you, Sonny, I'll be canonized someday.

Even the scotch tastes better at the office...and, by the way, never never allow me to be photographed with a cigarette!

Man, how can anybody give these things up? They just expand you!

Give me that cell phone. I think I've unwound enough to read memo line there.

This sonofabitch! Wants favors but...in a traditional sentiment that's very nearly Shakespearian: Money talks, bullshit walks.

He did? How m...?

Quarter mil? The automobile industry of this country must be protected! It built America!

But how it's to be protected depends on a trip on that little red float plane to their lodge in the Upper Peninsula.

Phone him back and tell him that he has caught the train awfully late, and that I require, besides the lodge thing, a regular schedule of giving at the office. Like United Fund.

Hey! Bible says he can't get to heaven anyway, but he can purchase a measure of paradise here.

Now get the fuck out of here and send in--you already sent in the grasping clowns--the whores.